

**ATOMIC**

**UNDERWATER  
INFERNO**

IND  
10¢  
MAY No. 7

**ATTACK!**



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LAST RAID!!**

**LAST CHANCE AT THIS LOW PRICE!**

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# -UNDERWATER- *INFERNO*

IN JUNE 1976 ALL OF THE FREE WORLD WAS ELECTRIFIED BY THE HEARTENING NEWS THAT RED AIR ATTACKS, HITHERTO SEEMINGLY UNSTOPPABLE, HAD SUDDENLY BEGUN TO FAIL. HERE IS THE REAL REASON FOR THEIR FAILURE TAKEN DIRECTLY FROM THE OFFICIAL HEARINGS HELD BY THE U.N. BOARD OF INQUIRY AFTER THE LOSS OF THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE-N-82. . . .



JULY, 1976 AT THE U.N. BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY. . .

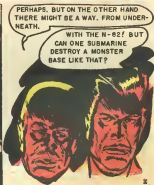
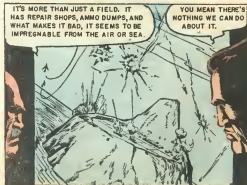
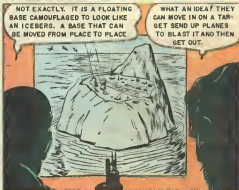
YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED BEFORE THIS BOARD TO GIVE THE COMPLETE FACTS RELATING TO THE LOSS OF THE N-82. ARE YOU PREPARED?

I AM, SIR.

I AM COMMANDER JOHN PACKARD, CAPTAIN OF THE N-82. HER LOSS IS STRICTLY MY RESPONSIBILITY.



ON DECEMBER 18, 1975 I WAS CALLED TO ADMIRAL WHITBY'S OFFICE...



WE DON'T EXPECT YOU TO DESTROY IT. WE WANT YOU TO FIND IT AND BRING BACK INFORMATION. THEN WE'LL DECIDE HOW TO ELIMINATE IT.

YES, SIR. I UNDERSTAND. WE'LL DO OUR BEST, SIR.



I KNEW YOU'D ALL FEEL THAT WAY. THANK YOU, MEN. WE'LL SAIL TOMORROW... DISMISSED!



A WEEK LATER WE WERE READY TO LEAVE. I BRIEFED MY CREW OF VOLUNTEERS...

WE HAVE ORDERS TO STAY OUT TILL WE FIND HER. NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES. IT COULD MEAN DEATH FOR US ALL. ANYONE WHO WANTS TO BE EXCUSED, SPEAK UP NOW.



AT EXACTLY 0600 WE LEFT PORT AND SUBMERGED IN A CHOPPY SEA...



AT FORTY FATHOMS WE TURNED AND HEADED FOR NORTHERN WATERS ALONG THE CALM BOTTOM OF THE SEA...



FOR WEEKS WE SEARCHED WITHOUT ANY LUCK. THEN, ONE DAY, JUST WHEN IT WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK HOPELESS...

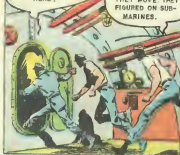
SIR! WE'RE ENTERING A MINE FIELD!

WHAT? HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. ARE YOU SURE?



SURE HE'S SURE. THIS IS IT! WE'VE FOUND IT. WHY ELSE WOULD THERE BE A MINE FIELD OUT HERE?

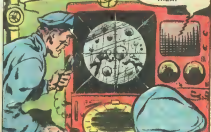
OF COURSE. THEY PROBABLY CARRY IT WITH THEM WHENEVER THEY MOVE. THEY FIGURED ON SUBMARINES.



I SENT OUT DIVERS TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION...

BE CAREFUL. IF ONE OF THOSE THINGS GO OFF, WE'LL GO WITH IT, BESIDES GIVING AN ALARM YOU COULD HEAR CLEAR TO CHINA.

WE'RE WATCHING SIR. THEY SEEM TO BE REGULATION MINES. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DISMANTLE THEM.



BETTER COME BACK IN FOR INSTRUCTIONS. WE'LL CHECK THEIR TYPE WITH WHAT INFO WE HAVE.

YES, SIR!



AFTER A LONG DISCUSSION WE DECIDED TO TRY AND DISMANTLE THEM...

IT'S LOOSE. ANOTHER TURN AND I'LL HAVE IT OFF.

IF IT AIN'T BOOBYTRAPPED.

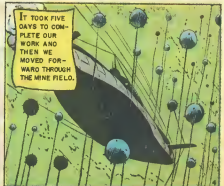


IF IT IS, WE'LL NEVER KNOW IT... AH, THERE SHE IS.

PHEW! ONE-DOWN AND A COUPLE OF HUNDRED TO GO. LET'S HIT THE NEXT ONE.

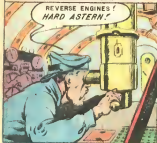


IT TOOK FIVE DAYS TO COMPLETE OUR WORK AND THEN WE MOVED FORWARD THROUGH THE MINE FIELD.



CAUTIOUSLY WE NOSED OUR WAY TOWARD OUR GOAL, WHEN SUDDENLY...

REVERSE ENGINES!  
HARD ASTERN!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SUPPOSING WE WERE TO RYPASS A PART OF THE FENCE WITH OUR OWN CABLE, INSULATE IT OFF AND THEN CUT AWAY THE BY-PASSED PART. WE'D HAVE A DOORWAY RIGHT TO THE INSIDE.

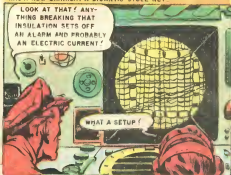
HMM! IT'S WORTH A TRY...



WE SWITCHED ON OUR TELEVIEWER AND THERE BEFORE US WAS A NEW BARRIER. A GIGANTIC STEEL NET.

LOOK AT THAT! ANYTHING BREAKING THAT INSULATION SETS OFF AN ALARM AND PROBABLY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT!

WHAT A SETUP!



ONCE MORE THE DIVERS WENT TO WORK...

EASY NOW, ONE LITTLE LEAK AND ALL THIS WORK IS FOR NOTHING.

ONCE THESE CABLES ARE HOOKED IN WE'LL BE ABLE TO CUT A FIFTY FOOT PIECE OF FENCE OUT, AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW IT.



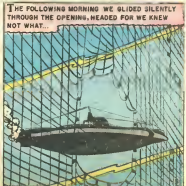
THEY DID THEIR WORK WELL...

THESE NEW TORCHES ARE HONEYS, CUTS THIS STUFF LIKE BUTTER.

I WISH IT WAS... MUCH MORE OF THIS, AND I'LL TURN INTO A MERMAID.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING WE GLIDED SILENTLY THROUGH THE OPENING, HEADED FOR WE KNEW NOT WHAT...



WE WATCHED OUR INSTRUMENTS, OUR HEARTS IN OUR MOUTHS...

WHAT IF THEY PICK US UP WITH SONAR?

THEY CAN'T. WE'RE PROTECTED BY THE NEW ANTI-SONAR COATING. AS FAR AS THE ENEMY IS CONCERNED WE'RE JUST A BIG FISH.

WE'D BETTER STICK OUR PERISCOPE ABOVE WATER AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND. IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT OUR ORDERS ARE TO GET INFO AND MORE INFO.

CHECK. LET'S HOPE WE DON'T COME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A RED SQUADRON.

WHAT WE SAW AMAZED US...

LOOK AT THAT! HOLY SMOKE, A WHOLE SQUADRON IS LANDING.

THIS ISN'T A BASE, IT'S A WHOLE BLASTED ISLAND!

WE'RE PRACTICALLY OFF SHORT.. TONIGHT I'M GOING TO BOARD THAT BERG AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND.

OKAY JOHN, BUT I'M COMING WITH YOU.

AT TWENTY HUNDRED WE LANDED WITHOUT TROUBLE. WHAT WE SAW WAS FANTASTIC...

LOOK AT THOSE SUPPLIES, ENOUGH FOR AN INVASION!

YEAH, AND ALL THE MEN AND PLANES. I THINK THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR! THEY'RE GOING TO USE THIS AS A BASE FOR AN ATTACK ON AMERICA!



WHAT WOULD BE EASIER THAN TO BRING THIS THING IN NEAR OUR NORTHERN COAST AND USE IT AS A BASE FOR AN INVASION.

SURE, AND WE COULDN'T KNOCK IT OUT.



BACK AT THE SUB I THOUGHT IT OVER AND MADE MY DECISION. THEN I CALLED THE CREW...

MEN, INSTEAD OF GOING BACK WITH THE INFORMATION WE'VE LEARNED, I'VE DECIDED TO TRY AND DESTROY THIS BASE OURSELVES.

WHAT? BUT... HOW? OUR TORPEDOES WOULDN'T EVEN DETENT THAT THING.



NO, BUT A SUPERSIZED ATOM BOMB WOULD, BY MAKING CERTAIN CHANGES ON OUR ATOMIC MOTORS WE COULD MAKE THIS SUB ONE GIANTIC BOMB.

BUT, SIR, WHAT ABOUT US?



WE'LL ABANDON SHIP. THEN WITH OUR MOTORIZED UNDERWATER SUITS WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY OUTSIDE THE MINE FIELD. WE CAN SIGNAL FOR HELP FROM THERE. ARE YOU WITH ME?

AYE! AYE! SIR!



WE WORKED FOR FOUR DAYS TO CONVERT THE SHIP. AT LAST THE TIME FUSE WAS SET AND THE MEN BEGAN TO ABANDON SHIP ONE BY ONE...

HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE GOT?

TWO HOURS IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT THE WAY IT SHOULD. IF IT DOESN'T...



YEAH! THERE'S COMMANDER PACKARD. THAT MEANS EVERYBODY'S OFF. LET'S GO.

I HOPE WE DON'T GET LOST. I HATE TO SPEND MY TIME WANDERING THROUGH THOSE MINES WITH THAT FUSE TICKING AWAY BACK HERE.



WE HAD GOOD LUCK AND FOUND OUR WAY BACK TO THE SPOT WE HAD FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE MINES...

ALL RIGHT MEN, PREPARE TO SURFACE!

GOOD THING, MY OXYGEN WAS GETTING LOW.



A MOMENT LATER WE WERE SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE VICINITY OF THE MINES...

ANY SECOND NOW, WE WEREN'T A SECOND TOO SOON.

PREPARE FOR A BLAST, MEN. LET'S HOPE WE GOT FAR ENOUGH AWAY...



AT THAT MOMENT, IT SEEMED AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD WAS SPLIT IN TWO...



THE REST OF THE STORY YOU KNOW, SIR. WE WERE PICKED UP BY HELICOPTER AND BROUGHT BACK.

THANK YOU, COMMANDER. I BELIEVE I CAN SPEAK FOR US ALL... HERE IS OUR DECISION.



WE FEEL THAT YOUR DECISION WAS SOUND AND YOUR JUDGMENT EXCELLENT. THIS BOARD WISHES TO COMMEND YOU AND YOUR CREW FOR A JOB WELL DONE.

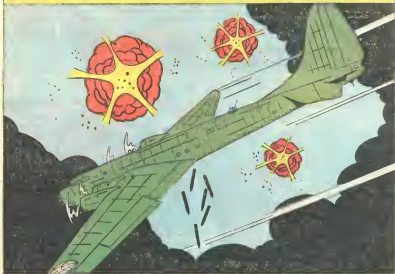
THANK YOU, SIR.



THE END—

CAPTAIN CONNELL HAD VOWED TO GET HIS BOYS BACK IN ONE PIECE. THEY HAD FLOWN FORTY-NINE DANGEROUS FLAK-RIDDEN MISSIONS TOGETHER WITHOUT A SCRATCH. ONE MORE AND THEY WOULD BE GOING HOME. COULD THEY MAKE IT.?

# 50<sup>TH</sup> MISSION



THE INTERIOR OF THE JENNY LEE AS IT FLASHES THROUGH THE WINTRY GERMAN AIR ON A BOMBING MISSION...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, THIS IS IT! OUR FIFTIETH MISSION IS HALF OVER. WE'RE ALMOST OVER THE TARGET.



I WISH IT *WAS* OVER. I GOT A FEELIN' SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN



AW, SHUT UP, GLOOMY EVERY TIME WE FLY YOU THINK SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE IS GOIN' TO HAPPEN... JUST SHUT UP!

**BOMBS AWAY!**



AN INSTANT LATER FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND MESSENGERS OF DESTRUCTION HURTLE TOWARDS THE GROUND



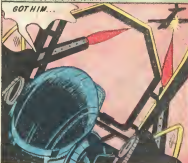
AND ANOTHER GERMAN FACTORY ERUPTS INTO A PILE OF WORTHLESS RUBBLE...



IN THE PLANE THE CREW BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF, BUT SUDDENLY...



STEADILY THE HUGE B-29 HOLDS HER COURSE AS THE GUNNERS GO INTO ACTION...



FLASHING DOWN FROM ABOVE, A GERMAN FIGHTER GETS A HIT ONLY TO BE BLASTED HIMSELF



RID OF ITS ATTACKERS, THE MIGHTY PLANE LIMPS TOWARD HOME



BUT IN SPITE OF ALL EFFORTS TO MAKE HOME THEY ARE FORCED DOWN IN A GERMAN FIELD...



A MOMENT LATER...

LET'S NOT LOSE HOPE YET, FELLOWS. SPREAD OUT AND KEEP WATCH WHILE TRACY AND I LOOK THE ENGINES OVER. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING.

OKAY CAPTAIN... COME ON, BOYS, LET'S MOVE.



SEE, DIDN'T I TELL YOU I HAD A FEELING. I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN!

CLAM UP, GUS. THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR HANGIN' CREPE. GET OUT THERE AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.



FRANTICALLY THE CAPTAIN WORKS OVER THE DISABLED MOTOR...

HAND ME THAT WRENCH, MIKE. I THINK I'VE GOT IT!



A HALF HOUR GOES BY AND...

CALL THE BOYS IN, MIKE. I GOT IT. WE CAN TAKE OFF LIKE A BIG BIRD.

TAHOO! MOM HERE WE COME!



AS THE MEN COME RUNNING TOWARD THE REPAIRED PLANE...

HAIT! HAENDE HOCH! SCHNELL!

KRAUTS!



DROP YOUR GUNS IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT IS GOOD FOR YOU! LINE UP  
IN FRONT OF THIS PLANE AND  
KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH!

THAT'S OUR  
LUCK. WHAT  
DID I TELL  
YOU?



TAKE THEM TO THE FARMHOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE  
VILLAGE. WE WILL KEEP THEM THERE UNTIL WE  
CAN TRANSPORT THEM TO A PRISON CAMP

YAH, CAPITAN!...  
MARCH!



### AT THE FARMHOUSE...

THIS WOULD HAPPEN ON  
OUR LAST MISSION WE  
JUST WEREN'T MEANT  
TO GO HOME.

BLAST IT, GLOOMY!  
WE'RE IN A TOUGH  
SPOT, BUT LET'S  
MAKE THE BEST OF  
IT!



IF THERE WAS ONLY  
SOME WAY TO GET OUT  
OF HERE...

YEAH, IF IF WE COULD  
REACH THE PLANE, WE  
COULD FLY... IF THERE  
WASN'T A WAR, WE'D BE  
HOME...

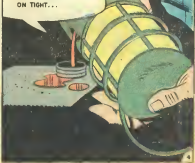


HEY, WE MIGHT GET OUT AT THAT.  
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WINDOW,  
BUT, IN CASE THAT KRAUT TURNS  
AROUND.

WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT IN MIND,  
CAPTAIN?



THIS. FIRST WE FILL  
THIS CAN WITH KEROSENE.  
THEN SCREW THE CAP  
ON TIGHT...



AFTER THAT WE TOSS  
IT INTO THE FIRE...

I GET IT! WHEN IT BLOWS  
UP, THEY'LL COME RUNNING  
IN AND WE'LL JUMP 'EM!



MINUTES PASS AND THE CAN GETS HOTTER AND  
HOTTER...

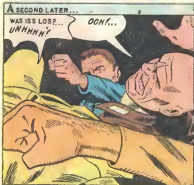
GET READY!



A SECOND LATER...

WAS ISS LOST?...  
UNHHH!

OCH!



GET THAT OTHER GUN AND  
WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

OKAY, CAPTAIN. I  
HOPE THE REST OF  
THEM DIDN'T HEAR  
ANYTHING.



WE'LL SOON FIND  
OUT...LOOKS OKAY.

I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S  
TOO QUIET.



AT THAT MOMENT...

HALT! HAENDE  
HOCH! UNHH!

BLAST  
THEM!

HEAD FOR THE  
WOODS.



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A  
BREAK. THAT'S ALL  
THERE WERE!

IF WE CAN GET TO THE PLANE  
BEFORE ANYONE FINDS THEM,  
WE GOT A CHANCE.



MOVING AS QUICKLY AND QUIETLY AS THEY CAN, THE  
CREW OF THE BOMBER HEAD FOR THEIR PLANE...

TAKE IT EASY NOW. WE'RE  
ALMOST THERE.

I HOPE THEY  
HAVEN'T LEFT TOO  
MANY GUARDS WITH THE  
PLANE.



SECONDS LATER...

WHEN THEY GO TO INVESTIGATE, THE SERGEANT AND  
I WILL JUMP THEM. THE REST OF YOU MEN MAKE A  
DASH FOR THE PLANE. HERE GOES....



WHAT WAS  
THAT?

IT CAME FROM  
OVER THERE!



I SEE NOTHING...  
UNHHHH!

HAN!  
AIEEE!



ENTERING THE PLANE, THE CREW TAKE THEIR PLACES.  
THERE IS A QUIET MOMENT AND THEN THE MOTORS START.

STOP THEM! THEY START  
THE PLANE!

HALT!





FROM THE PLANE, THE CREW SPOT THE ONCOMING  
GERMANS...

MAN THE NOSE GUNS! GET SET FOR A TAKEOFF!



THE HUGE MACHINE WHEELS AROUND TO FACE THE  
GERMAN ATTACKERS...

SHOOT! SHOOT!

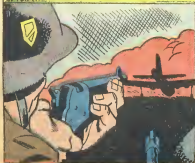
HIT THE PROPELLERS!



THEN, WITH THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE BOMBER ROARS ON DOWN TOWARD THE GERMANS...



SLOWLY THE PLANE GAINS SPEED AND LIFTS ITS HUGE  
HULK INTO THE AIR AS THE HELPLESS GERMANS FLEE  
AFTER IT.



THE PLANE ROARS OFF INTO THE DARKENING SKY  
AND HEADS FOR HOME WITH ITS THANKFUL CREW.  
THE FIFTEENTH MISSION IS COMPLETED.



- THE END -

# The Philadelphia Mission

**F**ROM the annals of our history come the tales of the men of the Marine Corps—men of skill and courage. Among the greatest of these stirring tales are the stories of the brave men who fought the pirates of Tripoli. This is the account of a mission that Lord Nelson called the most bold and daring of the age.

Our story begins as a lone figure in a small dory is picked up by a Sicilian fisherman on his way home across the Mediterranean. The year is 1802. The man in the dory is Sergeant Heyler of the U. S. Marine Corps. What was he doing alone on the Mediterranean and where was he going? That is the story of the Philadelphia Mission.

Aboard the little fishing boat, the Sergeant leaned against the bulkhead and watched the captain, who was also the crew, as he went about his duties. Then he asked the question that had been bothering him ever since he had been picked up. "Why are you doing this, Captain Catalano? I am a foreigner and a stranger to you. Why are you taking me to the fleet?"

"Everybody pay the Pasha. The English, the French, the Spanish. Everybody pay the Pasha of Tripoli! Maybe soon he want pay for taking fish from the sea, eh? So when Americans say—we no pay, and send fighting ships—I think this is good! Yes, my friend, it is good. The next time you sail into the Tripoli harbor you take me, Catalano, he know the waters. I will be your pilot, eh?"

Sergeant Heyler nodded. "Captain Catalano, the American fleet is a few miles east of Gibraltar . . ."

Catalano laughed. "You trust me! That is good, my young friend! Very good!"

"If you know the waters of Tripoli, perhaps the Commodore will want to see you," said the Marine.

"Know the waters?" replied the fisherman. "I know them better than anyone else!"

Two nights later the Sergeant found himself standing at attention in the Commodore's cabin as the Commander nodded to him. "Tell me everything, Sergeant, everything!"

"Yes, sir," replied Heyler. "On the morning of October 31, the *Philadelphia* gave chase

to a pirate brig. She made for Tripoli harbor with us in pursuit. We tried to cut her off with gunfire. When the water got too shallow, Captain Bainbridge gave up the chase and ordered us to bear off land. I was at the bowgun with Lieutenant Osborne.

"Suddenly there was a scraping sound and then we were on the reef. We tried our best to lighten her and float her off. We cast away three anchors, cut away the foremast. Still she stuck fast. Then, the forts opened fire and a fleet of gunboats put out from the harbor.

"Lieutenant Osborne turned to me and held out his sword. He ordered me over the side in a dory and ordered me to get back to you, sir. I wanted to stay, but he would have none of it.

"We'd shipped together for two and a half years, sir, Lieutenant Osborne and I. I'm hoping for the day when I can return his sword. The last I saw of the ship, sir, she was firing at the enemy gunboats as they closed in. I was picked up by the fishing boat and returned hers by way of Sicily."

The Commodore shook his head. "The *Philadelphia* was taken."

"Either taken or sunk," came the answer.

"Taken, I said! We've heard from Lieutenant Osborne."

A sudden light came into Heyler's eyes. "He—he's alive, sir?"

"In the Pasha's prison, along with Captain Bainbridge and the crew. The Danish Consul sent word and a letter from him. Read it."

Heyler took the letter and read aloud. "The City of Brotherly Love extends its arms to you. A young blade could do well here on a moonlit night" . . . He's trying to say something, sir."

"I know," replied Preble, "but what?"

"I think I can tell you," said the Sergeant. "The City of Brotherly Love, that's the *Philadelphia*, of course . . . extends its arms—he means the pirates are arming the ship!"

"I thought so," cried Preble. "Go on."

"A young blade on a moonlit night—the sword! He's telling us to attack by night!"

"I see," said Preble stroking his chin. "By

night, and run the risk of running aground again. Hmphh!"

"But we've got a pilot, sir!" cried Heyler. Captain Salvator Catalano! This is he, right here!"

"Si," said Catalano, "with the moon, without the moon, the waters I know. The Pasha, the pirates, they do not put the shoals on the maps, but Salvator Catalano knows. A little ship we'll need—and brave men."

"Very well," snapped Prehle, "an expedition will start at once. Call Lieutenant Stephen Decatur. We must not permit the pirates to use the *Philadelphia* against us."

The next night Heyler found himself on a plank below decks. Around him lay the other volunteers. Up above, Lieutenant Decatur and Catalano stood at the helm. Through the port hole the Sergeant could see the white wall of the pirate fort and the black noses of the cannon. And there was the *Philadelphia* hobbling gently in the swell. Suddenly things began to stir on deck.

Catalano called out, "Aboy! Aboy! We were fishing and we lose our anchor. Throw us a rope and we tie up for the night, eh? Throw us a rope, eh?"

In answer to his call a coil of heavy rope fell with a thud on the deck of the tiny boat. Willing hands grasped it and pulled the vessel close to the *Philadelphia*. Then there was a sudden rush as the volunteers poured from their hiding places. Lieutenant Decatur shouted, "Board her men! Board!"

From the deck of the *Philadelphia* came a confused babble of sound. Cries of alarm—Merikancee!—Merikancee! Halt! But above them all came another ringing order from the daring young Lieutenant.

"Put a torch to her, men! Fire the store rooms! The cockpit! The magazines! Hurry!"

Soon it was all over. The Americans quit the ship without the loss of a single man. And as they put out to sea again, they saw the crimson flames climb the white sails of the doomed ship. She dipped in the waves, nodding, as though to say, "Well done, lads, well done!"

Suddenly the air was rent with a dull roar and the sea boiled and hissed. The flames had reached her magazines. The mission was completed.

For another year and a half Heyler carried the Lieutenant's sword against the pirates of Tripoli. Then with the famed slogan, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," still ringing in his ears, the Pasha was beaten. America had won its fight.

Then one day in spring, Heyler stood on a Philadelphia wharf watching a ship come in, hearing a man he knew well.

As he walked down the gangplank Heyler waved to him and called, "The City of Brotherly Love extends its arms to you!" The man's face lighted up as he hurried to greet the Sergeant.

"Then you did get my message to Commodore Preble!" he cried.

"Aye. A young blade could do well here on a moonlit night," Heyler grinned and held out a scabbard. "Your sword, Lieutenant Osborne."

"Thank you, Sergeant," he said. "We saw the action from our cells. We cheered like mad, and I'm not ashamed to say it, Sergeant, some of us wept. She was a good ship. I'm sorry—deeply sorry I wasn't there."

Heyler patted the sword, "I think you were there sir. I'm sure you were," he said.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, U. S. Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF ATOMIC ATTACK, published Bi-Monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1952

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Youthful Magazines, Inc., 105 East 35th Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y.; Editor, George Ungar, 105 East 35th Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, George Ungar, 105 East 35th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.; Business manager, George Ungar, 105 East 35th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.); Youthful Magazines, Inc., 105 East 35th Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Adrian B. Lopez, 105 East 35th Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

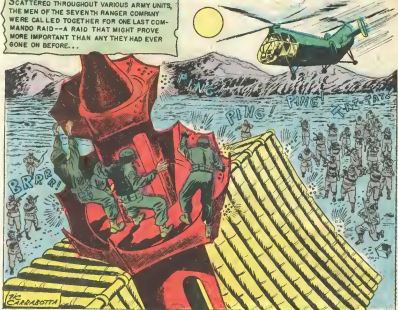
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the names and addresses in the two paragraphs show the effect of full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) GEORGE UNGAR, Business Manager

Entered and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1952.  
Alfonse J. Pereno, Notary Public  
(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

# THE COMMANDO'S LAST RAID

SCATTERED THROUGHOUT VARIOUS ARMY UNITS, THE MEN OF THE SEVENTH RANGER COMPANY WERE CALLED TOGETHER FOR ONE LAST COMMANDO RAID--A RAID THAT MIGHT PROVE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY THEY HAD EVER GONE ON BEFORE...



ARMY HQ SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...

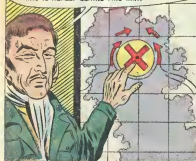
MEN, YOU'VE BEEN CALLED FROM YOUR VARIOUS OUTFITS FOR ONE REASON. YOU WERE ALL RANGERS AND YOU'VE ALL HAD COMMANDO TRAINING.



WE HAVE ONE MORE JOB FOR YOU TO DO. OUR AGENTS HAVE TOLD US WHERE WE CAN GET PROOF OF FOREIGN INTERVENTION ON THE SIDE OF NORTH KOREA. EUROPEAN INTERVENTION. YOU ARE GOING TO GET THAT PROOF.



THESE DOCUMENTS ARE HEAVILY GUARDED AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL MIU SEN. THEY PROVE WHO IS REALLY BEHIND THIS WAR.



OKAY, LET'S ROLL. THEY HAVE HELICOPTERS WAITIN' FOR US.

AIN'T WE FANCY. NO CHUTES OR NOTHIN'.



I WISH THEY HAD THESE COPTERS WHEN WE LANDED AT DIEPPE. A LOT MORE OF US WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY.

OKAY, CUT THE POST MORTEMS AND LET'S MOVE IN. WE'RE ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM OUR OBJECTIVE.



COMPLETELY BRIEFED, THE MEN PREPARE FOR THE DANGEROUS RAID THAT SAME NIGHT...

OKAY, MEN, PUT IT ON THICK!... TATE, GET THAT IDENTIFICATION BRACELET OFF. IT SHINES LIKE A MINORED WATT BULB. YOU FORGETTIN' YOUR TRAININ'?

HOLY SMOKE, SARGE, I CLEAN FORGOT IT.



SIX HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE HEART OF ENEMY TERRITORY...

GOOD LUCK, BOYS. WE'LL BE HANGING AROUND TILL DAYLIGHT.

I SURE HOPE WE'RE BACK BEFORE THAT. BE SEEN' YOU... MAYBE.



SPREAD OUT AND KEEP ME IN SIGHT. WATCH OUT FOR PATROLS. THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH THEM.

I NEVER FIGURED I'D BE DOING THIS AGAIN.



ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE THEIR LUCK RUNS OUT...

IF THEY DON'T SEE US, LET 'EM GO BY...TOO LATE!  
GET 'EM!

LOOK!  
YANKEE'S!



A BATTLE TO THE DEATH TAKES PLACE...



MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY, LET'S GO. WE  
WASTED ENOUGH TIME.



KEEP THE  
NOISE  
DOWN!

SHOOT!



THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND FINAL FOR THE KOREAN PATROL...

OKAY, MEN, DRAG THESE GOKKS INTO THE BUSHES.  
THEY WON'T BE DISCOVERED TILL MORNING. BY  
THEN, IT WON'T MATTER.

OKAY,  
SARGE.



AT LAST THEY REACH THE GENERAL'S HEAD-  
QUARTERS...

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THOSE GUARDS. KOWALSKI,  
YOU COME WITH ME. WE'RE GOIN' UP THAT TREE.

OKAY, SARGE.



AS SILENTLY AS JUNGLE CATS, THEY STREAK FOR THE TREE AS SOON AS THE GUARD TURNS HIS BACK.



AS THE GUARD RETURNS, THE SERGEANT OOPS DOWN ON HIM...

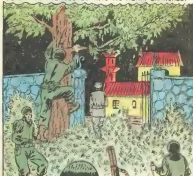


WHEN HIS COMPANION SEES HIM...

LI, WHAT IS THE MATTER?  
WHAT IS WRONG?



AND HAUL THEMSELVES INTO ITS HEAVY BRANCHES.



AND FINISHES HIM OFF...



HE IS DEAD! I  
MUST GIVE THE  
ALARM!



HE AIN'T GOING TO GIVE ANY ALARMS.

GOOD! CALL TATE AND WE'LL HEAD FOR THE HOUSE. THE OTHER THREE WILL BE READY TO FADE IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.



MOMENTS LATER...

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, THE OTHER THREE WILL BEAT IT BACK TO ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS.

OKAY, THERE'S THE WINDOW WE WANT. COME ON!



LIKE SHADOWS, THEY SLINK ACROSS THE COURTYARD TO THE WINDOW...



AND FORCING IT OPEN, THEY ENTER THE RED GENERAL'S OFFICE...



INSIDE, THEY QUICKLY LOCATE THE SAFE WHICH CONTAINS THE SECRET PAPERS...



THIS IS IT, GIVE ME THAT THERMITE BOMB, TATE.

HERE YOU ARE, SARGE.

PLACING IT ON TOP OF THE SAFE, THE SERGEANT RELEASES THE BOMB'S TRIGGER.



HERE SHE GOES. WATCH THIS HUNK OF TIN SIZZLE.

GOOD THING IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE.



THE HEAT BOMB TURNS WHITE HOT, AND QUICKLY AND SILENTLY MELTS A HOLE THROUGH THE TOP OF THE SAFE...

LOOK AT THAT! IT'S MELTING LIKE BUTTER

YEAH, THAT THING WOULD EVEN MELT AN OLD MAID'S HEART.



HERE IT IS, JUST LIKE THE COLONEL SAID IT WOULD BE! LET'S BLOW!

I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET DONE. COME ON!



GOT 'EM!

WE'VE DONE IT NOW! THE WHOLE PLACE WILL BE DOWN ON US!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



WHEN THE METAL COOLS...

SHE'S OPEN. LET'S HOPE ALL THIS WASN'T FOR NOTHING.

HURRY IT UP, SARGE. SOMEBODY IS GOING TO DISCOVER THOSE GUAROS ARE GONE.



AS THEY TURN TO GO, THE LIGHTS FLASH ON TO REVEAL TWO RED OFFICERS...

I KNEW I HEARD SOMETHING! GUARD!

BLAST 'EM!



THERE'S ONE CHANCE THOUGH. THAT TRANSMITTER, THE HELICOPTER IS STANDING BY AND THEY'RE IN RANGE

FEAR, BUT WHAT GODOO ARE THEY GOING TO DO US?



HURRIEDLY ADJUSTING THE TRANSMITTER, THE SERGEANT SENDS OUT A DESPERATE CALL.

THIS IS IT, SARGE. THEY'RE POURING INTO THE COURTYARD!

IF THEY DIDN'T GET IT BY NOW, THEY NEVER WILL. LET'S HEAD FOR THE ROOF. IF WE'RE LUCKY WE'LL MAKE IT!

UP THESE STAIRS-- I HOPE!... LOOK OUT!

THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP US!

UNHHHH!

AAGH!

BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH, THEY REACH THE ROOF AND WAIT IN ONE LAST DESPERATE HOPE OF RESCUE...

IT WON'T BE LONG. IF THEY DON'T GET HERE IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!

I HAD TO BECOME A COMMANDO. I MUST HAVE BEEN NUTS!

SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE THEM...

LOOK! THEY HEARD US!

TAT-TAT-TAT!

A SECOND LATER THE THREE ARE DRAGGED FROM THE ROOF, AS THEY CLING TO THE COPTER IN DESPERATION.

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

STOP THEM!

AND THE PLANE FLIES OFF TO SAFETY WITH THE THREE MEN STILL CLINGING TO ITS SIDES...

TAT-TAT-TAT! BRRR!

SO, JUST WHEN CAPTURE AND SURE DEATH SEEMED TO BE THE COMMANDOS' FATE, THE CHOPPER BOYS PULLED ANOTHER RESCUE. THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS WERE CAPTURED...

THE END...

# KID BROTHER

SERGEANT BERT COYNE HAD SWORN TO LOOK AFTER HIS KID BROTHER, TOM, SO WHEN TOM WAS PINNED DOWN BY ENEMY FIRE ON THE BLOOD-STAINED SOIL OF WARTORN KOREA, BERT HAD BUT ONE OBJECTIVE: TO GET HIM OUT...



THE DAY HAD STARTED FOR BERT COYNE AT A HEADQUARTERS COMMAND POST...

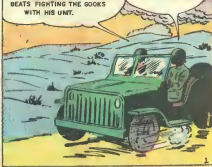
SIR, I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO SPEAK TO THE CAPTAIN AGAIN, ABOUT THAT TRANSFER TO MY BROTHER'S UNIT.

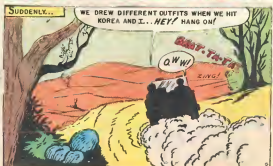
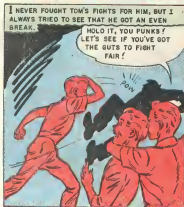
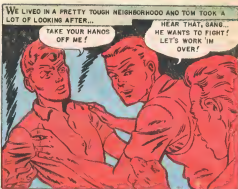
IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT, SERGEANT. WE JUMP OFF AT 0400 AND I'VE GOT TO GO UP TO THE FRONT. I WANT YOU TO DRIVE ME!

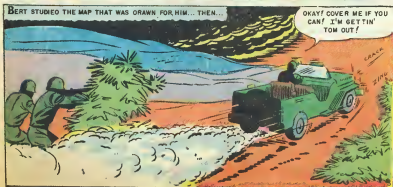


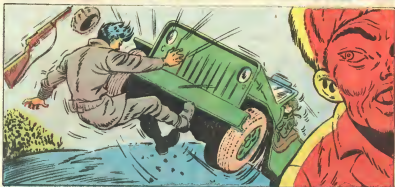
YOUR KID BROTHER MUST MEAN A LOT TO YOU, COYNE. BEING BACK HERE BEHIND THE LINES BEATS FIGHTING THE GOOKS WITH HIS UNIT.

I'VE RAISED THAT KID, SIR, EVER SINCE DAD DIED.









CAUTIOUSLY, SERGEANT COYNE MOVED UP TO WHERE HIS BROTHER WAS, BUT THE ENEMY SPOTTED HIS DARTING FIGURE...

ALL'S QUIET. THESE JOKERS MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH ALONE JUST TO COVER THE ROAD!

LOOK! A YANKEE DROPPED INTO THAT HOLLOW. HAH! HE WILL COME OUT RIGHT UNDER OUR GUN!





NOW TO TIE BACK THIS FIRING ARM SO THE  
COMMIE SKUNKS WILL THINK I'VE GOT  
PLENTY OF COMPANY...



WITH THE COMMIE GUN FIRING INTO THEIR OWN LINES  
BEHIND HIM, SERGEANT COYNE LAID DOWN A LITERAL  
BARRAGE OF GRENADES AS HE CHARGED THE REMAINING  
RED MACHINE-GUN NEST...



THEN HE WAS ON THEM GIVING THE  
THRILLING MARINE WAR CRY...

SEMPER PAR! HERE WE  
COME, YOU RED DOGS!

BANG!  
BANG!

AIEEEEE!



THIS'LL SHOW YA THAT YA GOTTA BEND  
BACKWARDS TO PLEASE A MARINE!

AARGGH!

CRACK



GETTING TOM OUT WAS SIMPLE FROM THEN ON. AND  
LATER, IN A REAR ECHELON HOSPITAL...

THE CAPTAIN WAS TELLING  
ME I'M DUE TO ROTATE  
HOME, BERT.

BUT NOT ALONE...  
DUE TO HIS SPLENDID  
ACTION IN THE FIELD,  
BERT IS ELIGIBLE TOO.  
LOOKS LIKE YOU  
BROTHERS ARE STUCK  
WITH EACH OTHER, EH?



THE END



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